



Green-eyed Girl



dystopia eyes gwen

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Chapter 1 by That Grammar Geek

"You know that you'll have to leave, right?" My father's brown, bloodshot eyes stare at me. In that chocolate brown color is my life. How I've always lived. And now I have a chance to be greater, and yet I cannot bear to leave this place.

But one does not simply give up an opportunity like this. Colored contacts are rarely auctioned or sold anymore, and usually appear fake. Police will arrest you for impersonating a Green if they don't look realistic enough. And they sell for millions of dollars, and you must be rich or, at the very least, somewhat wealthy, to buy them. They don't last long, and they don't stay on shelves long before the police find them and arrest the shopkeeper.

But, somehow, my father managed to find green contacts in a society where caste is arranged by eye color, with Greens being the highest. And they were lying in a box in a Dumpster. Being so very poor, Browns can rarely afford food, so they look through the garbage and scavenge for bread.

I know that I cannot be seen with my family or friends again the second these things go into my eyes. My father has already dyed my hair a natural red with his extra savings, so I will fit in better. I have light freckles, again. See more of Story Wars

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my mother, father, and brother on their cheeks. Then I run gaily towards the bus to face my unpredictable future as a Green.

Chapter 2 by That Grammar Geek



Once I board the grey bus after waiting in an extremely long line, I take a breath and look around. Several Blues, Greys, Blacks, and even a few Hazels mill around the rows of hard, rusted, metallic seats. Many varying shades inhabit the vehicle, but, to my disappointment, no Greens can be seen. I, first of all, wanted to see one. I have never in my life gazed into such gorgeous eyes. Secondly, I, of course, wanted to compare my contacts to their natural eyes, my hair to theirs, maybe even our skin tones.

Working as a Brown, I am definitely not as pale and fragile as the Greens, and I never will be. I am much too tan, but I might still pass for a true Green and blend in.

If I get a trustworthy job that I can rely on, one that maybe only Greens and Blues can do. The Browns are the poorest, and often work as lowly servants, or are even forced into illegal slavery. The Hazels are the next caste up, followed by the Blacks, Greys, Blues, and the always-rich, always-beautiful Greens.

Maybe I can start a new life in Westbridge, home of the Blues and Greens, get a job, make friends, and maybe even start a family.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

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